

Life

10¢

August 7, 1931



ELY CULBERTSON
on Contract Bridge

NEIL HOTT



SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious then, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is

caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks simply everywhere—on the edges of swimming pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until

you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign* douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

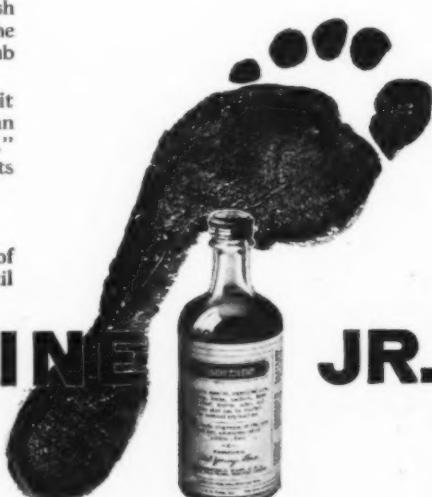
You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore
muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"
Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.





SWIMMING
AT THE
LELAND HOUSE
SCHROON LAKE—NEW YORK
In the Adirondacks
CAPACITY 500

Private Golf Course, Tennis, Boating,
Bathing, Dancing, Saddle Horses



"SINBAD"

Have you been following Sinbad's
antics in LIFE?

If you have you'll more than
enjoy Edwina's book of some of
the almost human things this
dog does.

Maybe he is homely. Maybe he
is a mutt. Even so, I'll bet you'll
agree that one of the best pals
you had when you were a young-
ster wasn't much of a breed. Per-
haps you even had to tie him
outside the fence at night and
keep him away from the house
until one day you discovered that
mother too was saving all the
bones for that little dog with the
earnest face who kept following
her around the garden.

A perfect gift for your hostess, if
she's keen about dogs (and who
isn't?) or if there are youngsters in
the family. They'll all love Sinbad.

\$2.50 per copy 2nd edition

LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., New York

Please send me _____ copies of
Sinbad. Check for \$ _____ enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____ 8-1

Life

AUGUST 7, 1931

VOL. 98

NUMBER 2544

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
60 E. 42nd St., New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON,
Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, *President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Vice President*
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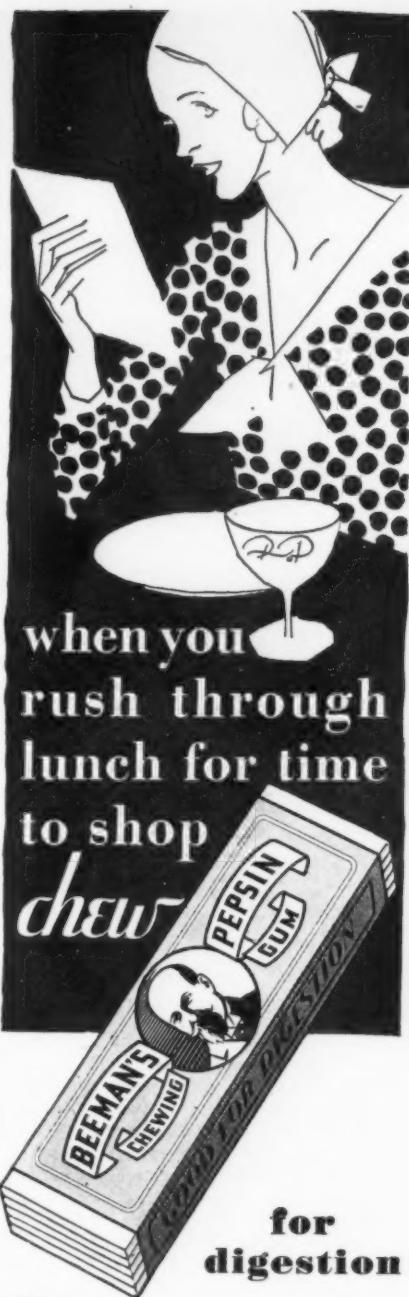
Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate (U. S. and Canada), \$5.00 (Foreign, \$6.60.)



POETICAL PETE

Colds must be fed, and fevers starved;
At least so I am told;
That's why I'm on my way right now
To rustle up a cold!



when you
rush through
lunch for time
to shop



for
digestion

MEET a friend, grab a bite, a dozen stores to shop! There's ever so much to do at lunch-time and all too often your digestion may suffer.

So chew a stick of Beeman's — the pepsin gum! Originated over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman, it's the most pleasant and convenient way to aid digestion.

Buy a pack of Beeman's today, and enjoy the full rich flavor and satisfying smoothness that has captured the favor of millions. Just see how it helps your digestion.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**



Make your shave last HOURS LONGER with small-bubble lather

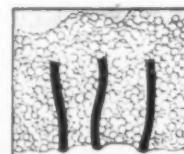
A Closer, Longer-lasting shave when you soften beard at skin-line with Colgate's

Any shave makes your face look clean for a few hours. But try the Colgate *lasting* shave—and see how much smoother your face remains through the entire day and evening. Small-bubble lather is the secret... it softens the hair way down at the skin-line... your razor works right at the base of the beard. The coarsest whiskers become limp and vanish with the lightest razor stroke when you shave the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water. Instantly, your beard gets moist and pliable... scientifically softened right down at the base. Your shave is there—fine, closer, smoother, longer-lasting.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles are formed when water is applied to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water against the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



FREE!

Colgate's After-Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing... invigorating... delightful... the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.

COLGATE'S

COLGATE, Dept. M-1141, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE

THE WINNERS!

Here are the titles selected by LIFE's judges as the prize winners in LIFE'S Golf Title Contest which closed July 1.

FIRST PRIZE—one full set of matched irons—is won by

Albert Norling
412 N. Taylor Ave.
Oak Park, Ill.
for the title
"Blues On The Greens"

SECOND PRIZE—one set of matched wooden clubs—is awarded to

Geo. H. Bissinger
3730 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal.
for the title
"Another Depression Follows Inflation"

THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH PRIZES—one dozen golf balls each—are awarded with LIFE's best wishes to

C. A. Henes, Jr.
124 South "D" St.
Hamilton, Ohio
for the title
"Gone Are The Gay Nineties"

E. L. Fritz
1209 Sherwin Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
for the title
"Balloon Tired"

David H. Harker
1807 Woodward Ave.
Springfield, Ohio
for the title
"Bye-Bye, Birdies!"

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *chains* with a *p* and get some food for the children.

(2) Scramble *splice* with an *e* and get a big shadow.

(3) Scramble *duelist* with an *o* and get some peace and quiet.

(4) Scramble *places* with an *i* and get set apart.

(5) Scramble *queers* with a *t* and get a polite demand.

Answers on page 29.

Side



"Yes, Jim, what we need is confidence!"

A farmer's singing in Tennessee led prohibition officers to a still. There's sure to be something wrong nowadays when you hear a farmer sing.

*

An Eskimo who had never visited civilization before saw his first movie and became insane. We think we've seen the same movie.

*

Columbia University will spend \$45,000 in research to find a cure for the common cold. Why, anybody who hasn't a cold can tell them exactly how to cure one.

*

A Chicago judge, in an insurance case, rules death in the electric chair is not accidental. Many thought it would be in Chicago.

An interior decorator shot a woman in St. Louis. This should be a lesson to women who have opinions of their own.

*

A newspaper wants to know how to reduce the number of reckless motorists. Why not establish more railroad crossings?

*

In North Carolina a farmer plowed up an iron box containing valuable jewelry. President Hoover's one-year plan is showing results.

*

Circumstances indicate a gradual improvement in business. Ink manufacturers are offering a lighter shade of red to the trade this summer.

Marion Talley left her farm the other day to broadcast a program over the Columbia network. She was in good Adam's apple.

*

A manufacturer announces aeroplanes in quantity production at less than \$1,000 each. They'll soon be within reach of everyone.

*

A Department of Agriculture bulletin advises that pests which destroy grape vines may be killed by nicotine. We are open for offers to sit in vineyards and smoke.

*

Six thousand gangster guns were dumped into the ocean by the New York police, recently. That ought to stimulate the mail-order firearm business, somewhat.

Ice-Bound in the Pantry

BY JACK CLUETT.

"Locking Charles S.—and Frank W.—in an ice box, two bandits compelled the manager of Las Flores Inn to open the safe and escaped with \$750 in cash and \$57 in checks."—Times News Item.

CHARLES S.: Hey, Frank—where are you?

FRANK W.: I'm in the upper compartment—where are you?

CHARLES S.: I'm right below you, between a plate of cold chicken and a bowl of chocolate blanc-mange.

FRANK W.: Gee, you're lucky—I'm sitting on a piece of Camembert cheese.

CHARLES S.: I don't mind telling you, I'm freezing to death.

FRANK W.: So am I . . . Slap your arms to keep the circulation going.

CHARLES S.: I can't. There's a platter of raw hamburg and four milk bottles in the way.

FRANK W.: Sh! . . . What was that?

CHARLES S.: The machine has start-

tens.

FRANK W.: Where do you think you are—in a coat closet? Boy, we're in a refrigerator, and I don't mean perchance.

CHARLES S.: Gosh, this machine isn't very silent.

FRANK W.: Yes it is. That's my teeth chattering.

CHARLES S.: I've got some matches . . . Let's build a fire.

FRANK W.: Wait—I'll see if I can find some wood.

CHARLES S.: Here . . . Do you suppose this celery would burn?

FRANK W.: I doubt it . . . Ah! I've located a basket of grapes and a couple of butter pats. They ought to burn.

ed making ice.

FRANK W.: We're being hydrated!

CHARLES S.: Look around up there and see if you can find an overcoat and an extra pair of mitt-

CHARLES S.: Good! . . . And here are four milk bottle tops and my driving license for kindling.

FRANK W.: Hand up the matches. There's an opening next to the salad right above your left ear.

CHARLES S.: Hey, Frank—we can't start a fire in here. We'll be smoked out. Besides, the ammonia might explode.

FRANK W.: I wish the devil they'd locked us up in a cedar chest or some warm place like a sideboard.

CHARLES S.: And I wish the milkman would come.

FRANK W.: I only hope nobody orders huckleberry pie tomorrow.

CHARLES S.: Why not?

FRANK W.: Because the heels of my shoes are in it.

CHARLES S.: I don't know anything about that but somebody has tipped over a jar of mayonnaise—my hair is full of it.

FRANK W.: Sorry . . . We might play a game to pass the time.

CHARLES S.: I wouldn't know where to look for the cards.

FRANK W.: Guess how many olives I have in my right hand.

CHARLES S.: Five.

FRANK W.: Wrong . . . Now it's your turn.

CHARLES S.: I've hidden a sardine—guess where it is.

FRANK W.: Your inside coat pocket.

CHARLES S.: Right!

FRANK W.: Heavy, heavy, what hangs over—fine or superfine?

CHARLES S.: A baked apple.

FRANK W.: Right! . . . Let's play "Twenty questions" . . . What am I thinking of?

CHARLES S.: Bet I can guess it in one.

FRANK W.: Bet you a slice of sugar-cured ham against a dish of blanc-mange you can't.

CHARLES S.: You're on! . . . Commander Byrd.

FRANK W.: You win!

Lusus Naturae

The gentle cow, beyond a doubt's

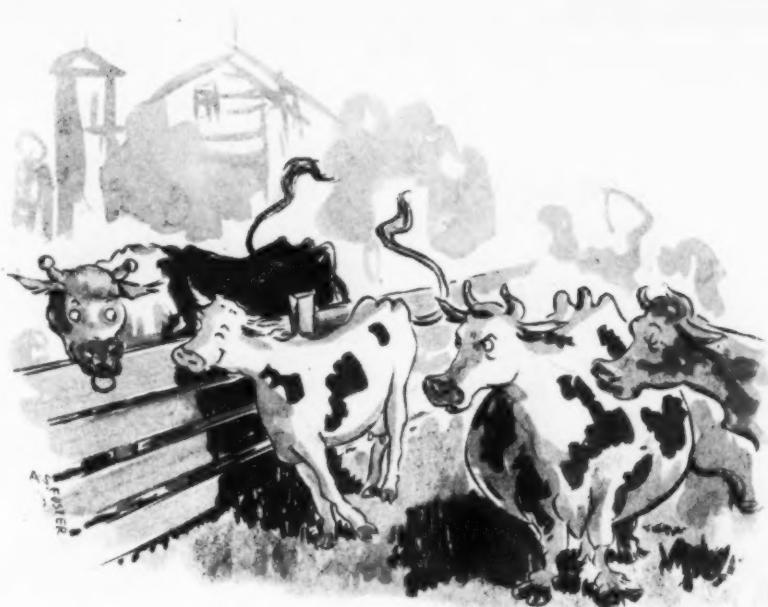
The queerest creature known,
For though she's always with the herd
She always is a-lowin'.



"How about that dime you owe me, sir?"

The Green Pastures

Mrs. Travers reclined under her beach umbrella and gazed angrily at the sea from whence came not the slightest trace of an ocean breeze. Heat waves danced above the sands and the boardwalk thermometers reached a new high for all seasons. Mrs. Travers regarded her husband with a hostile eye. "Why are we at this Hades-By-The-Sea?" she asked. "Because you wouldn't go to the mountains with the Simpsons. *You* had to come to the seashore, to the seashore and broil. But next summer we're going where I want. Do you get that? Where *I* want! And that's the mountains!"



Mrs. Simpson sat under a scrawny pine tree and fanned herself with her straw hat. Far below her stretched a verdant valley now bathed in the heat haze of the hottest day ever experienced in this part of the country. Mr. Simpson mopped his ample brow and swatted carnivorous gnats. "Lovely in the mountains, isn't it?" purred Mrs. Simpson. "My bright little husband had to come here instead of the seashore. Oh, how I envy the Travers!"

We should have gone with them. But this is the last time that *you* pick our vacation spot. Next summer we go to the beach. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. We go to the beach!"

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sat in the living room of their city apartment as unattired as the propinquity of neighboring apartments would permit. A tiny electric fan tried hard to create a breeze but the place got hotter by the minute. Mrs. Johnson glared at her perspiring spouse. "A fine hot box you've gotten me into!" she wept. "Depression or no depression, next summer we're going to the country. I'll not stay cooped up in town again if you have to hock your watch. I'll bet Mrs. Travers down at the beach is wearing a coat this very minute. And the Simpsons—well you know how delightful it must be up in the mountains! We clear out of town the first of next July. We go to the beach or the mountains—anywhere at all—but we don't stay in town *another* summer, Mister Gerald Johnson, Junior!"

—Arthur Lippmann.



"Don't shake your pencils! High pressure selling don't go anymore!"

• 5 •

That New Ball!

An Ohio farmer shot two golfers looking for a lost ball in his cornfield. Have you mailed your protest against the balloon ball?

L I F E



If trade marks grew old.

August Days

When August days are white with dust,
 When August heat is burning,
 When August skies are brassily blue,
 This poet's thoughts are turning
 To sleigh bells singing on the air,
 To snowflakes, drifting whitely,
 To holly wreaths and mistletoe,
 And yule logs burning brightly

That Christmas poem! It must be writ,
 What though the weather's torrid?
 For magazines must go to press
 Although the heat is horrid.
 What though the asphalt seems to melt—
 The Christmas issue waits!
 And I must jingle charmingly
 Of tinsel trees and skates

When August days go steaming by
 With sunburn and hay fever—
 I carol "Peace—good will toward men . . ."
 (Am I a gay deceiver!)
 I stroll along the vivid beach,
 Past costumes scant and shocking,
 And sob, "What rhymes with Santa Claus,
 And what, alas, with stocking!"

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"LABOR"

(A trilogy taken from the news of the day.)

A. THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

1. The Union of Waiters of Paris requested that patrons should no longer address them as "garçon," but as "Monsieur."

2. The National Conference of Women Domestic Servants of England voted to demand the abolition of the traditional servant's cap.

3. The Plumbers' Union of Chicago adopted a "standard, correct working garb of pure white."

4. A band of unemployed men at Drumheller, Canada, sued the City Council and the mayor because they would not give them work.

B. LOVERS OF LABOR

1. Theodore Lewis of New York robbed fifty apartments within a few weeks, finally collapsing from the strain of this high pressure burglary.

2. Edgar Wallace, English dramatist, wrote the full sized play "Ocean Liner" in twenty-four hours of continuous composition.

3. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is preparing the one hundred and fifty-sixth volume of its History of the World War.

4. Muhtar Bey of Turkey accepted appointments to act simultaneously as Ambassador to the United States and Mexico.

C. HATERS OF LABOR

1. Edgar M. Swan of Vancouver covered his lawn with concrete and painted it green, to avoid using a lawn mower.

2. The Three-Day Society was founded in St. Louis to foster the custom of working not more than three days a week.

3. Henry Fahrenholtz of Dayton, Ky., invented a robot to awaken him, turn on the lights, start the phonograph and the radio, connect the furnace, and plug in the coffee percolator.

4. Prince Aladar Porcia of Ortenburg, dead broke, advertised for a wife with a minimum dowry of four hundred thousand dollars.

—W. E. Farbstein.



The gentleman who couldn't get to the seashore, obtains the same effect at home.

Low Down

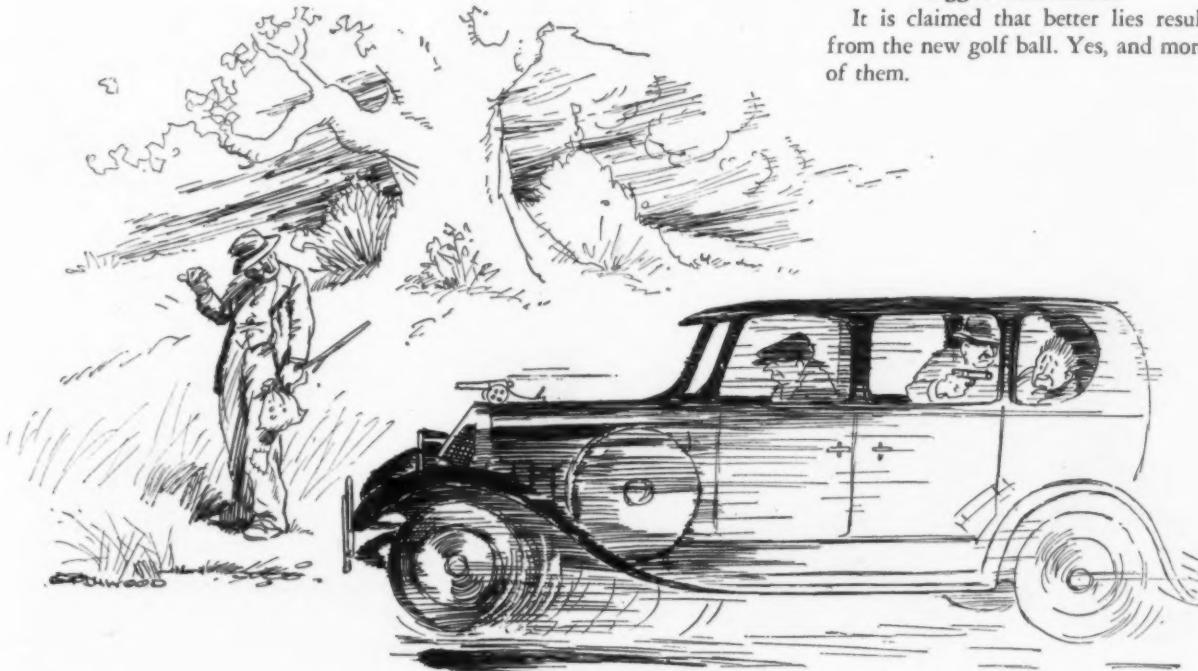
Even though the magnetic pole does disturb the instruments, a trip by submarine under the North Pole shouldn't be so difficult. The pilot could steer by an old stock market chart.

Taking A Cut

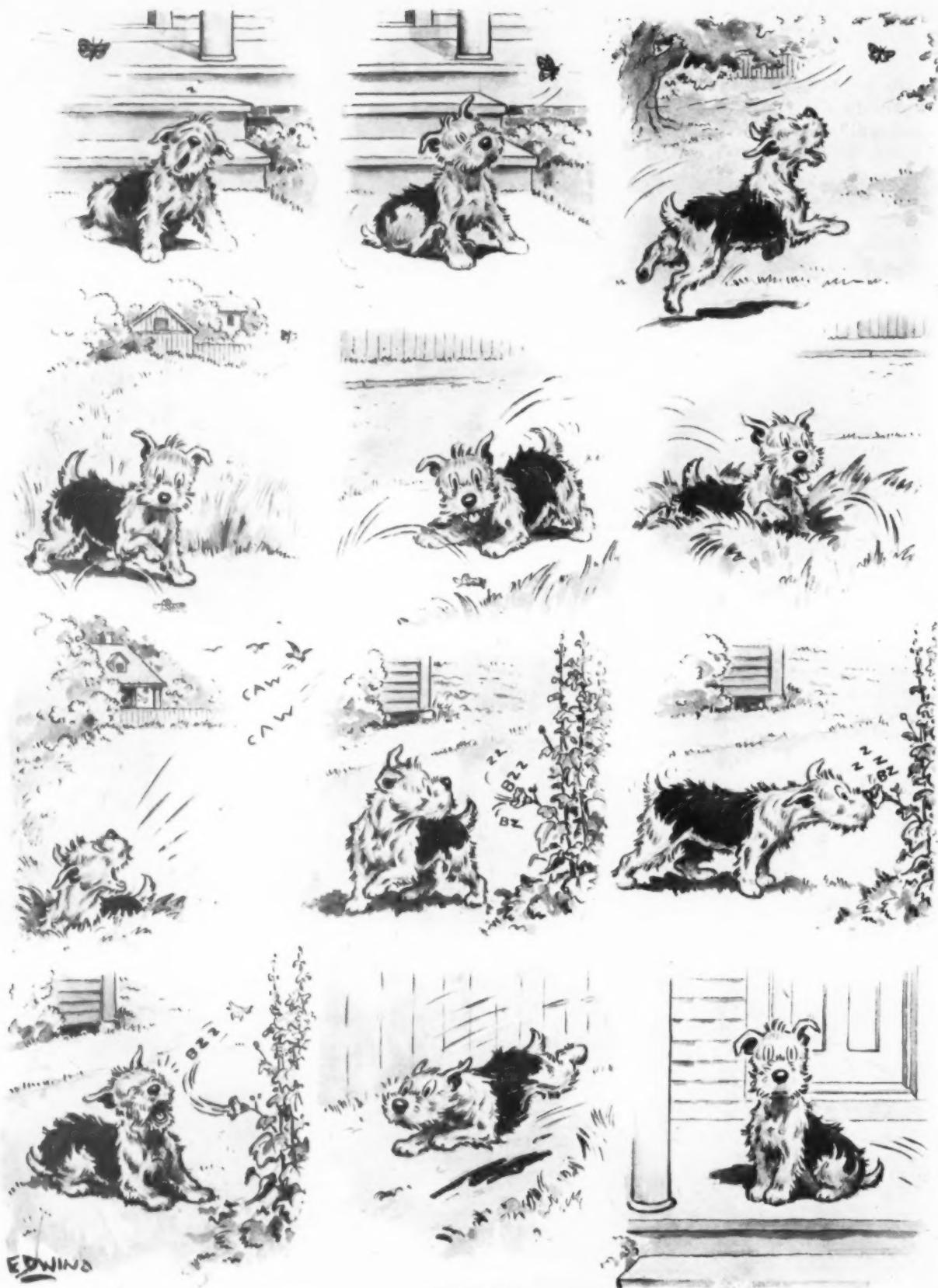
"Economical Summer Recipes" is the title of a new cook book. Its prize winner, we are told, is a recipe for *Five-Hundred Island Dressing*.

Bigger and Better

It is claimed that better lies result from the new golf ball. Yes, and more of them.



HITCH HIKER: Taking him my way, fellers?





RUM-RUNNER: *Them's the chief's orders. Slow your trucks down to eight miles an hour and let the stuff age!*

"Have-a-Child" Week

Due to Mussolini's "more babies" campaign the birth rate of Italy has increased nine per cent. The idea should create a future market for rustabif, zoup, stromberry pie and other foods.

Proof of Innocence

"Did you kiss my husband when you were out on the porch with him?"

"You know I didn't. He came back in, didn't he?"

Covered by Law

Those New York gangsters who intended to muscle in on the Catskill summer trade, are reported to have met with a cool reception. Several have written to say they are sleeping under blanket indictments.

A Tight One

MARY: What would ye gae me for a big kiss, Sandy?

SANDY: A big hug.

Our Performing Executives

That 156-year-old Turk is said to have joined a European circus. We don't know whether he went with a regular show or signed up as a clown with that Committee of American Mayors.

Oh, Give Me Something to Keep Howling About

How easy to sing when Love is new—
Quickly the melody's born—
As light and gay as the fragile dew
Caressing the early Morn!

As easy to sing when Love is dead—
So simple, a dirge of Blues—
When your heart's a handful of weary
lead,
Words are not hard to choose!

But our love is old, deathless, *et cetera*.
Oh, my singing's a stubborn task—
Would y' make a *small* pass at that
Blonde you met?
That's little enough to ask!

—E. L.

Stop Your Fueling

A rather embarrassing thing happened to a Californian real estate agent the other day. While he was stressing the many beauties and advantages of a Spanish-type bungalow to a prospect, three different motorists pulled up and asked for gasoline.

Dear Little Butterflies!

To facilitate finding his golf ball a Californian rubs it with a scent which attracts butterflies. An added advantage is said to be that no caddy is needed—and butterflies can't count.



"Pardon me, but could I interest you in a good snappy line of canoes?"

Life Looks About



Uncle Shylock Redisovers Europe

ENCOURAGED by bankers and traders, Europe seems to be trying to learn the game of Help Your Neighbor. The preliminary processes are trying, but the World will probably survive. Like most of its inhabitants, the World is made of pretty tough stuff. It has had many adventures, including the glacial periods and Prohibition, but is still in the ring and not like to get its final knock-out for eons to come. All the same, these day to day ructions are hard on contemporary observers who long for the return of prosperity.

The greatest immediate obstacle to that return has seemed of late to be France. Mr. Hoover's indication that the United States was ready to quit the outsider's bench and get back into the international game was hailed with shouts of joy by most of Europe and by Wall Street. The exception was France, which showed little emotion, but very careful attention to the conditions of the proposal. France held up the plan until a good deal of the confidence and enthusiasm it aroused had waned, though any sound economic plan should, like marriage, work well enough even after the "first fine careless rapture" is over. If it is a case of saving Europe, France will join the other nations in lending Germany money, but she will not kill any fatted calves for her.

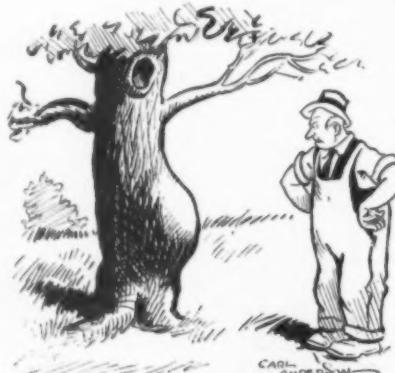
After our Civil War when Lincoln had died and Zack Chandler and Ben Wade were potent in politics, the North showed very much the same spirit toward the South that France now shows to Germany, and without profit to either section. Europe however, including England, knows that prosperity cannot be regained unless Germany shares and shares alike in it. This country also yearns to have prosperity return and realizes that it won't

until Europe recovers too. That means that a large group of powerful nations is interested in the continuance of Germany as a solvent concern prosperous enough to trade with, and is averse to having her recovery impeded by hobbles made in France.

What may presently draw together the nations of Western Europe is the fear of Russia and Asia. If the efforts now proceeding with the help of capitalistic talent to establish a competent industrialism in Russia sufficiently succeed, that vast country with half of Asia back of it may give Europe reason to remember that in union is strength.

Tesla Blows the Light Out!

NICOLA TESLA, 75 years old on July 10, is called "the father of the radio and modern power transmission."



TREE SURGEON: Um, we'll have to reduce that waist line!

sion and generation." He talked a little on his birthday, saying there were bigger things still to come from him than any he had done. He has a plan for transmission of energy that he says will make it possible for us to communicate with the other planets, and that, he thinks, "will produce a magic effect in mankind and lead to universal brotherhood."

Oh well, talking to our contemporaries on other planets may be interesting if it comes, and it may come, but Tesla seems over hopeful about the good effects of increased communication. There are voices a-plenty already in our blessed world! And when he says we are all automatons, obeying external influences, and have neither individuality, soul not spirit, but perish

with our bodies, he blows our candle out along with his own. Another philosopher has been gently deriding scientists who, having gained a fragment of truth, are intoxicated by it and think they know it all. So as to Tesla. He has done wonders. He sees more coming and more are coming of course, but he misses a lot that is going on right under his nose and which is much more important than inter-planetary communication.

Drys Feel the Heat

THREATS and execrations proceed and reverberate from the various Dry headquarters against any opponent of the 18th Amendment who may have the presumption to become the presidential candidate of either party. Clinton Howard of Portland, chairman of something, is sure "no national party can win that side-steps on Prohibition." Mrs. Jesse Nicholson, Democrat, president of something else, assures Mr. Owen Young that the only chance the Democrats have is to run a Dry against a Dry, and wants to know how dry he is. So with many others, all vociferous and full of threats, and all profoundly unaware of the objections to the intrusion of the Federal police power into the intimate concerns of the States. If you tell them that personal habits of New York and Massachusetts should not be regulated by laws made by Kansas, Georgia and Ohio, they don't know what you are talking about.

The best solution of the rum problem so far offered is Mr. Morrow's—Hand it back to the States! It is conceivable, though it may not look so at the moment, that that suggestion may make Mr. Morrow President.

"Mexico Seeks Moratorium on Foreign Debt"— (Newspaper headline)

AND ought have it, probably, since silver has gone to pot and oil is so much less profitable.

Yes! Fix up a moratorium for Mexico, too!

Get aboard little chil'lun!
Get aboard little chil'lun!
Take a ride with Uncle Shylock!
Get aboard! Get aboard!
—E. S. Martin.



Famous Again.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

JULY 16.—Our host's table of such an excellence and abundance that this morning I was obliged to let out three of my belts, the gravest tragedy that hath befallen me in two years, in order that whilst wearing the garments to which they are attached, I shall be able to keep my mind on a doubled grand slam, or the rod and gun exploits of my dinner partners. For, even though I lay me down at night resolved to eat nought on the morrow save a few slivers of cold meat and a spear or two of salad, I capitulate completely before pilaffs, popovers, and other culinary attractions which would make the board of Lucullus look like the menu of a soup kitchen. A great company for luncheon, amongst them Mistress McKim from Short Hills who confided that she was going afterwards to a meeting of the garden club at Cherry Valley, and quoth, "I

don't know any too much about delphiniums, but at least I've got on my best dress." So I did straightway write her out a speech on the art of raising chives in window boxes. Then to play bridge with Cecily Symington, who is living this summer in one of the Beasley School dormitories, and very handsomely, too, with its surplus of lavatory facilities which are ordinarily too scarce in small town real estate offerings, and I was astonished to behold on the wall a graphic portrait of Thais fleeing with a torch from her Alexandrian palace, and was curious to know what twist of the academic mind had placed it there, and if the young

patrons of the school manifested any interest in the lady's history. For even if they did, there is a greater moral to her tale than could be learned from a sepia print of the Roman Forum or the Coliseum. But Samuel tells me that the demolition of the local Hoffman House is responsible for many odd bits of public interior decoration in these parts.

JULY 17.—To the village early, encountering Jeannette Goodyear from Buffalo, who had seen little Johnny Logan at the apothecary's and offered him a treat of ice cream, which he dolefully refused with the statement that he could not have anything out of a store for ten days because of having his tonsils removed, and added, "And gosh, Mrs. Goodyear, how I hate home cooking!" Back to the farm, finding my hostess elated over an unexpected present from the local wine merchant, a gay carafe containing four varieties of cordials, Liqueur d'Or, Kümmel, cherry brandy, and *crème de menthe*. And, albeit sweetened spirits are not my special preference, I was at some pains to abide by the wording of the tenth commandment. Some cronies in for contract, and one of them, newly wed and not fully recovered from honeymoon psychology, expressed her timidity at driving through the pouring rain to Colliers to meet her spouse, whereupon Granger Gaither quoth, "Now remember, Mary, there are still turns in the road." Greatly distressed at the loss of a stone from my lace pin, and when I was speculating upon the cost of replacing it and the responsibility of the insurance company, a cynic remarked that if you want to sell a small diamond, you are lucky to get fifty cents for it, but that when you want to buy one, it separates you from sixty dollars. At a great loss recently for acceptable reading matter, so I was rejoiced to receive a present of Wodehouse's "Big Money," highly recommended by the donor, and "Murder in the Willett Family," in especial since the mystery story which I brought home in high hopes from the Woman's Exchange opened up in Hoboken, of all places, and I am determined to read nothing of that school which is not laid in England, since I do prefer even the clumsiest bunglings of Scotland Yard to the subtle machinations of Dashiell Hammett.



"It isn't the money but the principle of the thing; and I want my money back."



"What, son, a Follies girl? Splendid!"



"Gosh! He bit ye, pard. Here's some whiskey."
 "Aw, t'ell with 'im. Let 'im die!"

Hoping This Will End These Things

The "B" is silent as in sitting down.
 The "C" is silent as in Kansas.
 The "I" is silent as in Mussolini.
 The "L" is silent as in Sixth Avenue.
 The "O" is silent as in war debts.
 The "Q" is silent as in Hong Kong.
 The "T" is silent as in speakeasy.
 The "W" is silent as in six no trump.
 The "X" is silent as in Reno.

—F. W. Hoorn.



"Daddy, he didn't find that bottle yet, did he?"

Great Minds at Work

Bridge players, as such, are acrimonious, sedentary, conceited, unhappy, mercenary, preoccupied and futile.

—Time Magazine.

Rudy Vallee is just an ordinary man to me.

—Mrs. Vallee.

It isn't often a Californian can be happy anywhere else very long.

—Herbert Hoover.

I envy the protective anonymity of the name John J. Smith.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt.

I think it is a laudatory ambition to raise chickens.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

I most certainly would advise any girl who has a home not even to think about Hollywood.

—Daisy De Voe.

The history of the progress of the United States is but the history of the Republican party.

—Senator Simeon D. Fess.

Sometimes when I am low in the mind I think I'll end it all by getting married.

—Tallulah Bankhead.

I never knew a golfer who had a bad character.

—John D. Rockefeller.

Talking pictures are valuable because they give you a chance to see and hear at the same time.

—Vice-President Charles Curtis.

Memo to Ma and Pa

Several little hair pins

Scattered here and there,

Gasoline depleted,

Tires minus air,

Faint perfume aroma,

Mudguards sprayed with tar

Plainly show that Junior

Last night used the car!

—A. L.



HUSBAND: *When you decide where you want it I'll pull the rest out!*

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

We don't object to your being engaged to that young Naval officer. It's all a part of a house party on the Se-
vern River. Of course, we don't care for the idea of your marrying him and having him join the Asiatic squadron for three years right after the wedding. There's no profit in the investment we've made in you if we're to have you on our hands in the end.

There are some good prospects here at home now. The Smith boy has finished his course in business administration at Harvard and is now assistant manager of the Green Goose Filling Station & Barbecue. His father tells me he made \$23.75 last week and the owner furnishes the linen dusters. He hopes to take a degree in higher accounting and then he'll be almost sure of getting a shot at the management.

Your old Amherst friend, Bob Jones, is working up in dairy products engineering. He cuts across our back lawn every morning at four. He says he wouldn't take anything for his polo experience as it certainly helps him out with the horse.

Either of these rising young professional men of 1931 would suit us better than the ensign, unless he would agree to park you on his folks while he was at sea.

Your Affectionate Father,
—McCready Huston.

The Terrible Radio

a. PROF. H. A. OVERSTREET of New York says that Americans are acquiring ultra-loud conversational voices as a result of talking at home while the radio is on.

b. THE ELDERS OF MONT ST. MICHEL, France, charge that the radio is causing the destruction of "religious faith and morals."

c. DR. J. A. PLANNER of London claims that the radio frequently causes divorce—where one mate likes intellectual music and the other mate likes jazz.

d. REV. F. C. BROWN of Newburgh, New York, declares that the radio is hampering the progress of the church by restricting its income.

—W. E. F.



"Have a pretzel?"
"No, thanks, I don't eat."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Man in Possession"

THE Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives have so much confidence in the ability of Robert Montgomery that they have elected in this instance to cast him as a Cambridge student in an English locale with a group of players who (with the exception of Charlotte Greenwood) speak veddy, veddy King's English. Despite the contrast in accent, Mr. Montgomery gives another entertaining performance and further establishes himself as one of the screen's biggest box-office lures.

In expressing our approval of "The Man In Possession," we do so with the firm conviction that it would be a boring film with almost any other actor except Mr. Montgomery. He makes the lines seem more amusing than they have any right to be; brings a subtle niceness to scenes that are unquestionably naughty; and never seems at a loss to create entertainment out of thin air. A valuable young man to have around, Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer, and no fooling.

The title of the film is based on a point in British law relative to debt collections. If you live in England and owe your tailor a bill which you cannot pay, the tailor can go to the sheriff's office, swear out a writ and have a sheriff's officer placed in your house until such time as you can raise the cash—a very effective measure in most cases, but not without complication when the debtor is a pretty gal and the "man in possession" is Bob Montgomery. The naughtiness referred to is carried out much more openly than Mr. Will Hays usually allows . . . in fact even Junior may have a hunch as to what's what when Bob and Irene Purcell get to playing around the telephone near the divan . . . which is a hint that Junior should be left at home reading *Grade A* Milne while you and the wife go to the movies and have a lot of giggles at the silly, interesting things people do under the influence of that precious little thing called sex.

Maybe it's the hot weather, but we find Miss Purcell's method of diction a little grating on the nerves. Certain syllables containing the letter "s" seem

to stick in her lower jaw and finally emerge with an obvious effort that gives the impression that the speaker is trying to put something over on the microphone. Oh, well . . . it probably is the weather. You may not notice it.

Charlotte Greenwood, C. Aubrey Smith and Beryl Mercer give commendable performances.

And we know you'll enjoy Mr. Montgomery.

"Murder by the Clock"

THE effectiveness of this so-called mystery movie depends on the ability of one of the players to portray a woman with the heart of a murderous hussy, the mind of a master criminal, and a disarming feminine physical allure that leads men on, and on, and on, and, for that matter . . . on.

The ways of the movies are strange—so strange that this reviewer gave up trying to fathom their depths (maybe you can think of a better word) long ago, and now just sits back and refuses to be surprised at what goes on. So when Lilian Tashman began going through the motions of presenting the character described above, we sat right through it all and did not once scream aloud.

Perhaps we would not have been so discouraged about this picture if it had started off less impressively. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes the action holds out great promise. A rich woman who has a disease of the heart fears she will be buried alive during one of her attacks; so she has her mausoleum fitted with a fog horn which is installed conveniently near the shelf where her casket will rest. In the opening scene she visits the mausoleum to test the horn, and the resulting sound is one of the most weird effects ever heard on the screen.

With this as a starter we expected to be scared half out of our wits before the evening was over, but nothing in the film lived up to the fog horn.

William (Stage) Boyd as the detective and Blanche Friderici deserve a hand for making the most of their limited opportunities.

As though Miss Tashman's performance were not enough annoyance for

one evening, the story drags in Sally O'Neil and Regis Toomey as a serving maid and cop in antiquated interludes of Irish humor that would not do credit to the worst stock company comics on tour.

"Night Nurse"

THIS movie is (to borrow an expression used by Walter O'Keefe in the "Third Little Show") rough, tough, gruff and gruesome—and as such is expertly directed and capably acted. It is a story about cheap people with unhealthy minds who indulge in the sort of rough stuff that many people object to in movies. Here's the situation:

A drunken mother and a brutal chauffeur, with whom she is in love, hire a malpracticing physician to slowly murder her two children for their inheritance money. A nurse, called in to attend the children, discovers the plot, but when she goes to another doctor for help he refuses on the ground of "professional ethics." This point of ethics is stressed to represent the moral of the picture, but exaggeration robs it of conviction. The nurse finally saves the kids with the help of a gentlemanly bootlegger who brings in another physician, practically at the point of a gun. The racketeer further obliges by having the chauffeur bumped off, as a reward for which we find him and the nurse gazing affably at each other in the last scene, thereby leaving us with the impression that love, in its inscrutable way, has found them.

Barbara Stanwyck, as the heroine nurse, and Joan Blondell, as her assistant, act with their usual natural vigor. Neither is gifted with subtle force. When they want to be impressive they speak louder—which is perfectly in keeping with the characters they play. Clark Gable is most convincing as the chauffeur with a penchant for beating women, and Ben Lyon makes a very pleasant bootlegger.

If you are willing to accept the rough stuff with a sigh and say, "Ah well—that's life", you'll enjoy this picture. Children will surely find it gay and exciting, so they shouldn't be allowed to see it.

Theatre

"Shoot the Works"

In which Near-Congressman Broun presents a cross between a show and a filibuster.

THIS venture in Socialism as applied to the theatre will probably run for quite a while, and by the time you read this may well be worth your money. If such is not the case, Mr. Broun will at least have solved a problem that still vexes many producers, to wit, the high cost of oblivion.

As you probably know, the show started on a shoestring and a kindly thought. Despite these two professional disadvantages, or unprofessional advantages, there are some very good numbers. Jack Hazzard does what every radio announcer must yearn to do: gives his "millions" of listeners a fearful little earful about his tooth-paste and any chump that uses it. . . Julie Johnson and George Murphy are quite charming in a musical number called "Do What You Like," one of those melodies that you know the minute you hear it and hence headed for popularity. . . There is a very Brounian piece called "Death Says It Isn't So," which the author is at great pains to introduce as very serious, and which evidently is, as somebody really dies after being talked into it in a nice way. Death seems to be as genial at work as he is on a Holiday, and any one feeling at all unwell should attend this re-assuring preview. . . Johnny Boyle tap dances dexterously on top of everything they could find



"Hello, copyright owners? May I have permission to hum your new tune?"

in somebody's attic. . . "I'm Just A Doorstep Baby" is "recommended to diversion seekers" . . . and William O'Neal leads the ladies in a tremendous musical uproar called "Hot Moonlight." A great deal of suspense is created by Impresario

Broun's trousers, which seem to stay up out of sheer ennui, or perhaps it's that underpaid kindly thought again. Broun himself ambles out with the verbal water bucket and sops the brow of the show whenever it gets groggy. You see a good deal of him during the evening.

Of course, there is the pink aura of benevolence about "Shoot the Works" which is explicitly supposed to make any critic with an acid reaction feel like a cad and a bully and a paid censor-swinger for capitalistic producers who pay their help and take their losses.

We should like nothing better than to see every talented entertainer on Broadway gainfully employed at all times. But we do not believe that a show should be presented as a medium of charity to its own performers, any more than a glorified boy scout expedition to the South Pole should talk of the benefits to science. It is too sweetly meek and utterly debilitating and may lead to such things—who knows—as "The Andrew Freedman Home Follies of 1932."

Mr. Broun is a public figure and as such is in the clear from the opening night; the ready-moneyed headliners are certainly to be praised for their generosity; but Mr. Broun should not offer up the unemployed apples of his eye as sympathetic figures. They are out to give you your money's worth, or should be, and out to make money thereby, which is quite right and we hope they do.



"Now get this! You smile at the customers whether they like it or not."

Dramatic Anaemia

A Frenchman has written a play in which there are only two lines. Many of us have sat through plays in which there were none.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah— Mormonism's Gift to Methodism

"HOW many wives do the men out in your state have?" a member of the French Debt Commission whispered to Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, as they were celebrating a final agreement on the debt of France to the United States—that is, final until the Hoover moratorium, of course.

"It is determined by their capacity to pay," retorted Smoot, grimly, for he was sick and tired of hearing this phrase from the visitors.

But it was quite a different thing, back in 1903, when Smoot, suspected of a concealed harem, was trying to battle his way into the United States Senate.

"A Mormon in the Senate! Horrors! A man who believes in polygamy! A man who probably practices it!"

God-fearing Sunday school superintendents and preachers from almost everywhere in the East and South protested to their senators. No such stain must darken Old Glory. Never!

The Methodists and Baptists did not know what they were doing. How could they foresee that this man was going to battle for so many of their own prejudices and nostrums? How could they tell that he was going to be a tower of strength to the Dry cause? Or that he would denounce bad novels and insist upon a censorship?

SMOOT became a power in the Senate long ago. He started his political career by demanding a tariff on wool, one of the chief products of his native state. He was candidate, at the time, for mayor of Provo, and was defeated by a Democrat. Just what he would have done about the wool tariff, as mayor of that little town, is not so clear, but one does not have to understand politics. His father was very much ashamed of him—not for getting beaten, but for having run on the Republican ticket. And his fellow townsmen got him up in a corner and threw wool over him in derision.

But they didn't think he was dumb, as some of our Progressive friends have since alleged. Far from it. As a boy in that town he had won all the marbles

of the other boys, and then sold them back! He played baseball too, but we have no record as to whether that was profitable.

A little later, as a banker, he teamed up with Col. Clarence Loose. The Colonel was a forty-niner, and never lost the itch for prospecting. Smoot staked him and split the profits. They developed the Tintic District, which paid considerable dividends.

Rather a sport, Col. Loose brought a fast trotting horse, Ginger, out to the Salt Lake country from Kentucky. Smoot always liked horses, fast horses,



"Stay out, fella! Ain't ya got no ethics?"

and took great pride at the races won by this prodigy. Later on his son, "Brownie," entered the horse at other races, under various names, usually bringing back whatever bacon was to be had.

Meanwhile the future statesman had gone into the woolen manufacturing business, besides his banking, and was taking a real interest in the business side of the Mormon Church. For some years now he has been one of the "Twelve Apostles" of the church. Washington folks showing off the town to visitors frequently stopped at the

north end of the old Million Dollar Bridge and pointed to Smoot's residence.

"One of the Twelve Apostles lives there," they would say.

As a matter of fact Smoot ranks third in the church today. First comes Heber J. Grant, its president, then R. Clawson, and then Smoot. Smoot will be seventy next January, but Heber Grant has regarded him as just a youngster he is training to take his place and run the church for years.

CHAIRMAN of the Appropriations Committee, and commander-in-chief of the governmental building program, the senator is pretty powerful now. He is powerful at Republican national conventions, too, although Utah has only four electoral votes, and therefore only a few delegates comparatively.

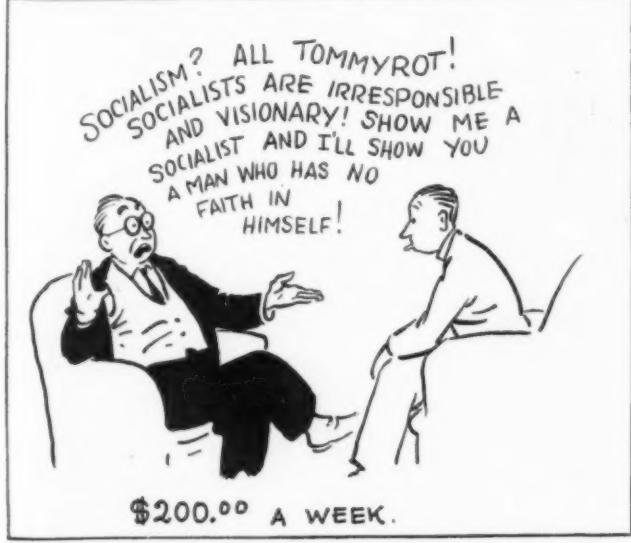
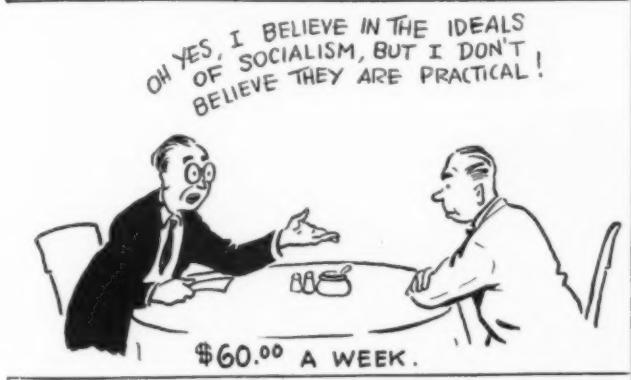
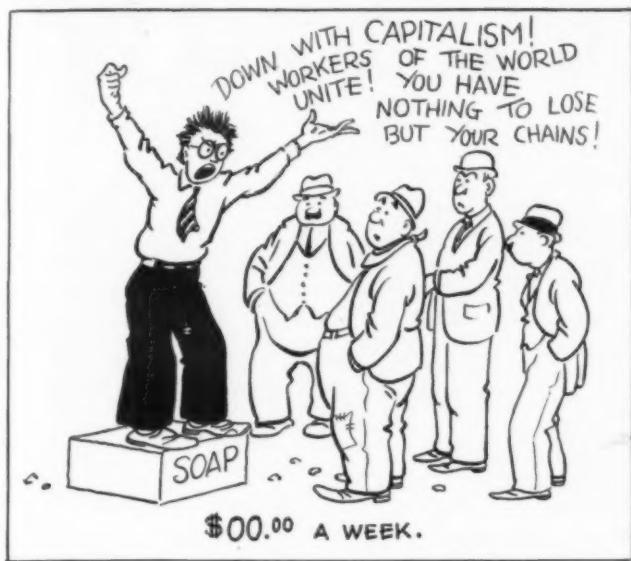
He cares very little about his clothes. When he came back to Washington on his interrupted bridal trip, a few months back, the President and Mrs. Hoover asked the newlyweds to stay at the White House. One of the senator's sons, a rather fastidious dresser, hurried down to the Executive Mansion with some additional clothes. He knew his father would not care, but the young man could not bear the thought of the White House servants seeing his father's skimpy wardrobe.

Love of fast horses has translated itself gradually into love of fast driving in automobiles. The family has about succeeded in getting a veto on any further contact with the accelerator pedal by the senator.

"His idea of a fair pace when he is driving is ninety miles," said his son Ernest, who usually chauffeurs him around. "And he goes around a curve at about sixty."

"What's the matter with this car? Is it heating up? Why don't you go along?" demanded the senator as Ernest was hitting sixty driving him out to the Kansas City convention.

Ernest and the senator astounded arrivals at the reception for the Prince of Wales at the Congressional Library a few years back by driving up in an antiquated little coupe, which chose the dramatic moment to shoot a geyser of rusty water and steam aloft as it rattled to the Library door. The senator's high silk hat was the only dignified note.



The Evolution of a Socialist.



ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—John Dunlop is fond of fishing, but it has always seemed a waste of time for him to have to dig bait. So he took a broom handle, and to one end attached a pointed metal rod. This is wired to the household electric light circuit. When Dunlop wants to go fishing, he sticks the metal end of the rod in the ground and turns on the electricity. The earthworms get a distinct shock, and scurry to the surface to see what it is all about. Then Dunlop gathers them up and goes fishing. He says he gets about a quart of bait in fifteen minutes.

HARTFORD, ALA.—Dr. C. F. Davis puts in a claim for the year's best fish story. He says he gave his artificial minnow a terrific cast while fishing the Choctaw-Hatchee River, and as the minnow flew through the air, there was a flash of wings, and the minnow disappeared. After a mighty battle, Dr. Davis landed his catch—a large horned owl.

BOWMAN, GA.—Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ginn believe in the alphabetical system for naming children—particularly where there are sixteen children. They claim it helps them remember relative ages among other things. Their children are named: Brodie, Corbin, Dorcas, Elmira, Fezzan, Gregor, Hassie, Ithmar, Jessie, Kester, Lisbon, Mauson, Nelson, Ornice, Pascal, and Quaver.

HENDERSON, KY.—Regardless of what France may think about it, Negro residents of Henderson are absolutely, positively and unanimously in favor of President Hoover's debt moratorium plan.

City Clerk William Schopelkin said that news of the moratorium had spread through the Negro sections of the town and that since then not a collector had been able to collect a bill.

"Mr. Hoover said nobody had to pay their debt for a year and we ain't a-goin' to," was the reply the collectors

told Schopelkin they received at every house they visited.

NEWANEE, ILL.—With the thermometer hitting 106 today, C. F. Cass, road machinery salesman, sold a snow-plow to the city council.

CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK—Forty-five bathers, most of them girls, were found guilty of sun-bathing over the week end and fined. The rate was \$1 for the removal of one shoulder strap and \$2 for the removal of both.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—"Keep busy and be contented as possible" is the simple prescription for long life offered by Mrs. Julia Parker at a luncheon to celebrate her 101st birthday. When asked about prohibition Mrs. Parker said, "While the saloons should never come back, the law should be more lenient." Her chief recreations are reading romances, playing chess and embroidering, and she is intensely interested in aviation. Reminiscing, she recalled the opening of the first public schools in New York. "There was plenty of excitement," she said, "when education for all came along."

AND ABROAD

LONDON—A constable was testifying in the case of a man charged with drunkenness. When asked by the judge to give his reasons for considering the man intoxicated, the constable said, "Well, he was sitting on the curb rubbing his umbrella, and when I asked him what was the matter he said: 'I have a cramp in my leg.'"

SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN—Two tourists have left the city regretting that they failed to keep in touch with current events. They were fined 500 pesetas each for shouting "Long live the King!" in a cabaret. In the same place, on a previous visit to Spain, they were arrested for yelling "Long live the Republic!"



SOCIAL WORKER: But, my good man, can nothing be done to reform you?
CROOK: Well, lady, you might try marrying me.



"So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, what are your future prospects?"

The Consoling Thought

"Drive Slowly! Death Is So Permanent!"
—Highway warning sign.

Sometimes while tossing on my bed
Before the poppy can prevail,
Blue devils dance within my head
And life goes flat and stale.

The passing years have left me aches
And fat but very little hair.
I've missed the rumored ale and cakes;
Of money someone has my share.

Of course, upon the other hand,
I ought to get a mite of cheer
By pondering prohibition and
The gangster and the racketeer.

Or ruminating on my stocks,
My taxes, and my current bills,
The Congress with its brainy blocs,
The angler mid Virginia's hills.

But when my mind takes such a bent
Until in vats of woe I steep,
The thought that death is permanent
Is all that comforts me to sleep!

—D. D.

Beautiful Sunlight

"Intuition is that which enables a woman to see through a man," says a woman's magazine. Men have none, we understand, except the sun.

"Will That Be All, I Hope, Sir"

SALEM, W. VA.—Engaged in a price war, one local barber said he would cut his customers' hair free. A competitor then said that he would not only cut hair free, but throw in a shave, tonic, or anything else the customer wanted.

CUSTOMER: How about a nice tonic?
BARBER: Nothing doing.
CUSTOMER: But really, it's getting awfully thin on top.
BARBER: Oh, that's all right. Tonics won't help it any. They're all fakes.
CUSTOMER: I have it! A singe is what I need.
BARBER: Naw, you don't need a singe.
CUSTOMER: Well, how about a nice shave and then a swell facial massage?
BARBER: No, I haven't the time to spare.
CUSTOMER: Really, it will take only a couple of minutes.
BARBER: I can't help it. I haven't the time, I tell you. I'm a busy man.
CUSTOMER: How about a shampoo?
BARBER: Nope, not today.
CUSTOMER: Just a haircut, then?
BARBER: Yes, and let's make it snappy!

—Jim Dilley.



"You may sneer, my man, but some day you will actually need a comfey-homey vacuum cleaner and I won't be here."

CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON



Today's American and International Champion Player and originator of the Approach-Forcing Methods. Mr. Culbertson's amazing record of Championship victories has never been equalled in the history of Bridge and his System of Contract is the accepted standard throughout the world.

Umslopogaas Cuts In

Rider Haggard's giant negro who stalked through several African romances has a counterpart in Contract. Umslopogaas fought with a mammoth war axe, the Groan-Maker, fitted with an ingenious device for puncturing the skulls of his enemies, ventilating each one with a neat, workmanlike round hole. Distribution fights for the Master Contract player by punching holes through the "quick tricks" of opponents. Many a Bridge battlefield has

been strewn with tricks which proved to be not quick but dead. Their lives were punched out by Contract's Umslopogaas.

Rider Haggard's hero was an open fighter. Ambuscade was not one of his devices. While Distribution frequently hides in ambush for the unwary opponent, certainly in the following deal West could not attribute his disaster to the lack of knowledge that Contract's Umslopogaas was in the enemy's camp.

Contract Deal.
North-South Vulnerable.
West—Dealer.

♠ A-9-8-7-4	♦ 2	♥ 6-5	♣ J-10-3-2
♥ K-Q-8-7	♦ K-Q-10-9	♦ J-8-4-3-2	♣ A-K-Q-5
♦ K-Q-10-9	♦ A-K-Q-5	♣ 9-8-7-6-4	♠ 6
♣ A-K-Q-5	♠ K-Q-J-5-3-2	♥ A-J-10-9-4-3	♦ 6-5
♠ K-Q-J-5-3-2	♦ A	♦ A	♣ —
♥ A-J-10-9-4-3	♣ —	♣ —	♦ —
♦ A	♣ —	♦ —	♣ —
♣ —	♦ —	♣ —	♦ —

The Bidding

<u>West</u>	<u>North</u>	<u>East</u>	<u>South</u>
1 ♦	Pass	Pass	2 ♦ (1)
3 ♣	Pass	Pass	4 ♣ (2)
Pass	4 ♠ (3)	Pass	5 ♥ (4)
Pass	5 ♠ (5)	Pass	6 ♠ (6)
Pass	7 ♠ (7)	Pass	Pass
Double (8)	Re-Double (9)		

(1) A fine bid showing four or more honor-tricks, control of the first diamond lead, probably no losers, and very freakish distribution. First warning to opponents.

(2) South's second signal to his partner that Umslopogaas is in camp; likewise his second warning to opponents. North now may assume no losers in either diamonds or clubs and undoubtedly great length and strength in both hearts and spades.

(3) North's ultra-conservatism in the face of his partner's two declarations showing a powerful hand with a clear indication of slam intentions, worked out well by implying reluctance to aid and abet South's aspirations. Even assuming that South's spades were six

to the Queen-Jack and that his hearts were six to the Ace-Queen-Jack, a small slam bid in spades by North at this point would have been a pretty safe bid. The diamond or club Ace and a void in one minor could be pretty definitely assumed in the South hand. North's conservatism conveyed to South nothing more than a minimum takeout—possibly four or five small spades.

(4) South now is ready to reveal the elements of his strength. His bid of more than game reveals clearly his slam intentions and probably a six card heart suit.

(5) North shows preference for spades but still does not reveal the spade Ace.

(6) South's six spades is safe. Even with four small spades in the North hand the slam probably can be made.

(7) North's bid of seven is not a gamble. In view of South's strong bidding, particularly his six spade bid, it is sure that he has six spades headed by the King-Queen, six hearts headed by at least the Ace, an Ace of one of the adversely bid suits, and a void in the other, or a still greater freak in the shape of seven of one major and six of the other. With weaker spades and no indication as to the location of the Ace in North's hand, South never would have ventured the small slam.

(8) West's four honor-tricks went to his head. His double was an extremely bad gamble. The most that he could possibly hope for would be a set of one trick which, doubled, would give his side 100 additional points. He was running the risk, however, of giving opponents seven tricks in spades at their doubled value of 60, a gift of 210 points plus 100 for making Contract doubled, and was also incurring the great danger of a re-double with no possible escape, a danger of adding 830 points to declarer's score, 630 for additional trick value and 200 for making a re-doubled contract, vulnerable. It will be seen that the odds are almost 6 to 1 against West, a fine lesson as to the real nature, in Contract, of so-called "free" and "sporting" doubles.

(9) Shooting fish!

The hand, of course, is a lay-down grand slam in spades.

Declarer scored his 3240 points.

"Partner," West remarked, "I had four quick tricks."

"Something slowed them up sharply," said the lugubrious East.

Very different were the results for North-South with the following hand at two tables in a recent duplicate match. One pair took on Distribution as an ally—the other pair, apparently not recognizing his powerful aid, let him go to the enemy's side. The results will be discussed next week.

Duplicate Deal.

Dealer—South.

Both Sides Vulnerable.

♠ 4
♥ Q-J-9-8-6-5
♦ Q-3-2
♣ J-8-5

♠ K-J-10-9-8	♠ 7-6-2
♥ A-2	♥ 7-4-3
♦ K-9-5-4	♦ 10-8-7-6
♣ A-K	♣ 7-6-2

♠ A-Q-5-3
♥ K-10
♦ A-J
♣ Q-10-9-4-3

NOTICE

A Contract Bridge Tournament for the Benefit of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund will be held at the Tower Bridge and Backgammon Club

31st Floor
of the

BARBIZON-PLAZA
101 West 58th Street

on

Tuesday, August 24th
at 8:30 P. M.

Individual Tickets—\$2.50
Tables \$10.00

PRIZES FOR EACH TABLE

RUBBER BRIDGE

TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE

Mrs. Olga Hilliard
Baron Von Zedtwitz
Miss Elinor Murdock
Sir Derrick Werner
Mr. Willard Karn
Mr. Oswald Jacoby
Mr. Curt H. Reisinger
Mrs. Mary Clements
Mr. David Burnstine
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Banfield

Mail checks for Reservations payable to R. G. Munroe, Treasurer, 101 West 58th Street, New York City

Culbertson Pointers

Value of Unbalanced Distribution.

When the distribution of the Declarer's Hand is unbalanced the hand is worth at least one trick more at a favorable trump bid than at no trump.

When the distribution of the Supporting Hand is unbalanced the hand is worth from one to four tricks more at a favorable trump bid than at no trump.

The same principle applies to very unbalanced distributions (freaks) or to cases where combined hands are unbalanced, only in a more accentuated manner.

At times it is possible to infer from

the bidding whether partner's distribution is balanced or not.

If the distribution of one hand is balanced but that of the other hand is unbalanced the combined hands will still play to better advantage (from 1 to 2 tricks) at a favorable trump bid.

A no trump bid should be attempted only after all major suit possibilities are eliminated and when honor strength does not justify game expectancy in minors.

Problems and Post Mortems

Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.



THE BOYS AT LIFE'S CAMP THANK YOU



Letters

"This is the first time in my life I ever was in a swimming pool and I know lots of fellows who haven't and I sure wish they also could come out and go in."

"I didn't know a boy could have so much fun and I wish I could thank you some way except writing."

"It is too wonderful to tell you how we get along here. We thank you not with our mouth but with our hearts."

"I am having a fine time at life camp. We just had icecream."

"I thank you very much for contributing money to the camp. I am having a very good time. I sure thank you for the good time I am having."

"I'm having a good time at Boy's Life Camp. How are you feeling. I am feeling fine."

We do not feel that we are betraying any confidences in quoting from some of the postcards which these grateful children write to the contributors to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund.

We herewith copy them verbatim, just as they pass through our hands at the Camp Post Office.

Contributions will be gratefully received in care of LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Won't you help us to continue this good work?

"Dear Madam, Camp is fine. I am having a fine time over here. I am always gaining pounds."

"I am having a very good time in the camp you helped to build up. We all have lots to eat and lots of fun. I thank you."

"The boys of this camp all through the summer have been having a good time & I think they appreciate your help & myself think so you bet."

"Dear Miss:

I am having a very fine time in life camp and I wish you could be out here."

"At life boys Camp his a camp which every boy could come they Get healthy and strong and on Sunday we get ice cream."

"I am having a fine time. I am making a boat and I am painting it in blue."

"Having a fine time at Life Boy's Camp. There couldn't be any better fun."

"It sure is great out here at Boy's Life Camp and maybe if it wasn't for you I wouldn't be here enjoying myself. I sure am grateful and happy."

"I am having a good time at Life Boy's Camp and has much fun as the boys that live in the country."

"I am having a fine time in camp. Thank you very much."

"In my life Camp period I am enjoying myself fine. I feel much healthier since I'm out here."

"I Wish you Were here enjoying this as Much as I am."

"I like Boys Life's camp very much. I wish I can go next year."



Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.00 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Plymouth.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.00 (X)—The new principals, Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger, lack the adroit timing of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in handling the delightfully insincere lines, but it is still a very amusing show.

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOL STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85. (Matinee Wed. & Thurs.—No Saturday performances)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

PRECEDENT. *Bijou.* \$3.00 (*)—An effective, well-acted play based on the Mooney-Billings case. Recommended.

THE UNEXPECTED HUSBAND. *48th Street.* \$3.00 (*)—With none but the good shows able to stand the financial lethargy of Summer, this one won't be around long. Hugh Cameron gives a commendable performance.

MUSICAL

CRAZY QUILT. *44th Street.* \$4.40—Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy head this new Billy Rose revue—successor to "Sweet and Low." Phil and his heckler in the box continue to get loud guffaws.

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Because of his performance, we nominate Fred Astaire as the rightful successor to Jack Donahue. Get in if you can.

THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box.* \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee.)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal Le Roy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl. They certainly didn't have any when the show opened.

SHOOT THE WORKS. *Coban.* \$3.00—A revue under the direction of Ted Hammerstein with Heywood Broun as master of ceremonies and a flock of celebrities in the cast. Review in this issue.

RECORDS

VICTOR

"BUFFALO RHYTHM"—Henny Hendrickson's Louisville Serenaders play a foxtrot that impresses us with its pep and what a good time they were having. *and*

"ON THE BEACH WITH YOU"—The same expert outfit—and we're anticipating their next release with pleasure.

"WHEN YUBA PLAYS THE RUMBA ON THE TUBA" (The Third Little Show)—Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. Rudy gives this rumba foxtrot a varied and commendable workout and convinces us that one of his Yanks is the original Yuba. *and*

"I'M KEEPIN' COMPANY"—A contagious tune, and Rudy puts the spotlight on his piano players. Nice work.

"ONE NIGHT WITH YOU"—Jack Hylton and His Orchestra in a serious mood. Don't miss the trumpet chorus with the sax fooling around in the background. *and*

"AFTER TO-NIGHT"—Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra fill up the other side with fairly pleasing sounds.

"WITHOUT THAT GAL"—Gene Austin gives his version of this Walter Donaldson hit. The excellent work of the orchestra overshadows Gene's singing. *and*

"I'M THRU WITH LOVE"—More Gene's type and much more convincing.

"THE HOUR OF PARTING"—A charming new melody, but Bert Lown should have rehearsed his Hotel Biltmore boys a few more times before recording it. It's hard to sing the tune correctly, and a slide trombone is practically out of the question. *and*

"THAT LITTLE BOY OF MINE"—Bert and his orchestra again. More satisfactory.

SHEET MUSIC

"NEVER" (No show)

"JUNE TIME IS LOVE TIME" (No show)

"OOG! HOO! YOOHOO! DON'T CHA

KNOW THE MOON IS NEW" (No show)

"HAND IN HAND" (No show)



The crooning tenor calls his dog.

From Life's



PEOPLE WE CAN GET
The amateur comedian who has been to

Family Album



Reprinted from *LIFE*, Sept. 15, 1921

GET ALONG WITHOUT
who ha
een told he ought to go on the stage

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"The doctor gave me a powder to cure my husband of drinking. I have to put it in his coffee."

"Has it cured him?"

"Yes, of drinking coffee."

—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.*

Every man is a hero in his own home until the company leaves.

—*Hamilton Evening Journal.*

An explosion occurred in a warehouse last week. The severity of the explosion is proved by the fact that it awakened the night watchman.

—*The Humorist.*

He hobbled into his neighbour's garden and displayed a tear in his trousers.

"I say, Smith," he commenced angrily, "didn't you say your dog's bark was worse than his bite?"

"Yes," replied Smith.

"Then," said the other, "for goodness' sake don't let him bark. He's just bitten me." —*Answers.*

He was sitting reading a newspaper when his wife entered the room. "George," she said, "what do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."

"Right!" said George briskly, throwing the paper aside and springing to his feet. "Where is she? Tell her to put her things on." —*Tatler.*

The Pretoria Government has forbidden the importation of hard-pressed cheeses. There is nothing more dangerous than a gorgonzola at bay.

—*Punch.*

A British official on the Gold Coast was renowned for the excellent coffee which characterized his dinner parties. One evening the beverage was more than usually good, and one of the guests said, "Let's have in your cook so that we may ask him his recipe for such an excellent brew." The black cook was thereupon summoned, and his master asked him how he prepared his coffee. "Him take plentee boil water and milk and stir in coffee," explained the chef. "Yes, but how do you strain it so cleverly?" asked the master. "Him take master's silk socks," explained the bland black boy. "What!" roared the host, "you take my best silk socks to strain the coffee?" "Ah, no, no, master," the cook explained hastily, "him never take master's clean socks."

—*London Tatler.*

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now, there is a house without a flaw!"

Customer: "My gosh, what do you walk on?"

—*Annapolis Log.*

Something that you'd probably see nowhere else but in New York. At 14th St. and Third Ave., last week, a peddler with a long beard, wheeling a converted baby carriage full of pretzels. On the side of the carriage hung a long paper bag on which was scrawled in red and black crayon: "Fire Sale. 4 pretzels for 5c."

—*New York Evening Journal.*

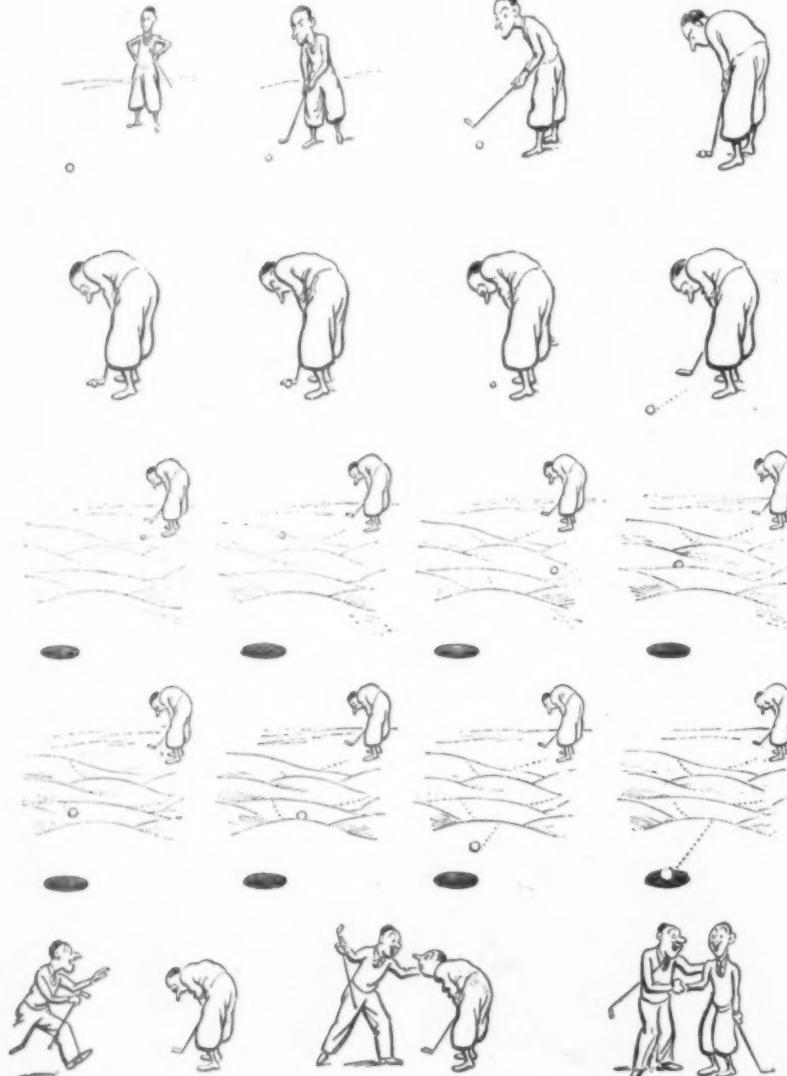
A news item mentions a twelve-year-old Berlin boy who was caught while trying to break into a bank. Burglars of that age should not be allowed out late unless accompanied by their parents.

—*Punch.*

Freshwed—My wife likes coffee for breakfast while I like tea.

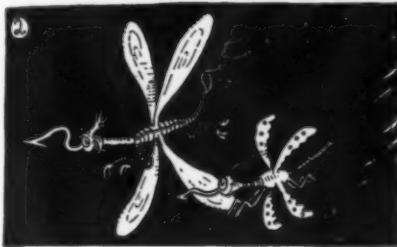
Oldwed—You'll soon get used to coffee.

—*Pathfinder.*





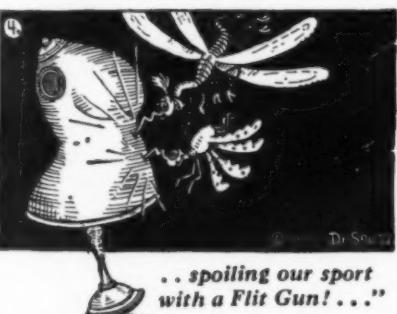
"To be sure it ain't half as much fun as the genuine thing, but



. there ain't no chance



. . . of a dressmaker's dummy . . .



... spoiling our sport
with a Flit Gun! . . .

(Advertisement)

Always a Cool Breeze at the
Ocean House
WATCH HILL, R. I.

One of the leading summer resorts on the Atlantic Coast.

Our broad, extensive verandas afford a wonderful view of the ocean. Glass enclosed sun porch. Large, airy rooms, spacious closets, private connecting baths. Automatic sprinklers throughout.

18-Hole Golf Course—Tennis—Excellent Bathing Beach—Good Roads. Dancing, Daily Concerts, Afternoon Tea. Select Clientele. Table and Service Excellent. American Plan.

John J. Hennessy, Manager

Winter Resort:
Virginia Inn, Winter Park, Fla.



The night of the garter.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. 5¢ sample Abbott's Bitters for 25¢ Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland

When one of Al Capone's chief lieutenants was asked why Capone didn't attempt a compromise with the Government, the lieut. replied:

"Sure, Al will compromise! If the Government lays off, Al will lay off!"

—Variety.

BARBER: How is it your hands are so dirty?

APPRENTICE: Nobody had a shampoo to-day.

—Das Kleine Witzblatt, Leipzig.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Answers to Anagrins

on page 2

- (1) Spinach.
- (2) Eclipse.
- (3) Solitude.
- (4) Special.
- (5) Request.

Solution of July 31 Puzzle

RICH	STAMP	SHAM
ARIA	ARBOR	POLO
GONG	TEETOTALER	
END	LIE	EMS
		DEN
	EMIRS	PAR
MORALE	PATRIOTS	
INERT	HIVE	OPEN
NIL	PALER	TAA
COLI	OVER	CRISP
ENAMELED	FLAMES	
PRE	MIAMI	
ELL	ICE	ALP
TOURNAMENT		SEW
ONTO	TINGE	ITCH
NEED	STEER	TIRE
		SCUT

Cool off with
a cold bottle
of—

Apollinaris

Nothing more refreshing,
delicious and healthful

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

A school visitor was putting questions to a class of boys. He nodded to a handsome little fellow with curly black hair.

"Do you know the Ten Commandments?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"What! You don't know the Ten Commandments? What's your name?"

"Moses," said the boy.

—Springfield Union.



A MATTHEWS CRUISER for Rare Riding Comfort

HUNDREDS of Matthews owners will proudly tell you that a finer cruiser isn't built than their own particular boat. That's pride of ownership. You'll be equally proud of your Matthews "38" or "46". They not only have all the husky virtues of a well built ship—but they are beautifully fitted and finished—have an excellent turn of speed (12 to 30 miles per hour), will sleep four to ten with every possible convenience and comfort aboardship to make the model of your choice a real summer home afloat. Write for literature.

THE MATTHEWS COMPANY
Designers and Builders of Luxurious Cruisers . . . Since 1890
334 BAY SIDE PORT CLINTON, OHIO



\$5980 to

\$25000

Afloat Port Clinton



When the villain pursues the heroine, lean just that much harder on your WRIGLEY'S. WRIGLEY'S doubles the thrills and intensity of any entertainment, and incidentally benefits your teeth, gums and digestion.

INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING



A PERFECT BRIDGE HAND?

Don't be absurd, but you would like to know how to make the most of a seemingly good hand, to say nothing of one of those awful hands we all know so well. Exclusive bridge articles by Mr. Ely Culbertson, winner of the Vanderbilt cup, are appearing each week now in LIFE. His little talks are most interesting and really constructive.

There isn't any other way out. If you want to learn all the secrets of successful contract (and who doesn't?) you had better sign on the dotted line right now and you won't have to rely upon seeing a stray, and perhaps quite battered, copy of LIFE at your club or on the railroad train or steamship.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

14 weeks of LIFE for \$1.00

\$5.00 per year

LIFE

60 E. 42nd Street

New York

8-1

Name.....

Address.....

LIFE IN SOCIETY



FAMOUS YALE FENCE STOLEN.

The Yale Fence, which has been the photographic background of Eli captains since 1894, was stolen last night from Pash's Studio in New Haven. Above is a picture of Pat Schlossberg waiting to be tapped for vagrancy.

Mrs. Winthrop Hugh Crandall, Jr., was hostess yesterday for the Richmond Garden Club of Dalton. Mrs. M. Dwight Sargent of Pittsfield described Japanese and other Oriental gardens she visited last winter—at Max Schling's.

Dr. and Mrs. John J. Collins of 360 Park Avenue will give a dinner on July 9 in the roof restaurant of the Pierre for Miss Charlotte Allen and their son, John J. Collins, Jr., whose marriage will take place the following day, provided the Doctor serves prescription stuff.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth E. Thomas will leave the Berkshire today for their place, Redgate, in Morristown, N. J. when you hear the musical note at exactly one minute and thirty seconds after eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Leonard Andrews Bleeker of Tenafly gave a thunder and lightning shower at her home yesterday in honor of Miss Marion Forbes.

Mrs. Charles A. Parcel, the former Mrs. George T. Crandall and the former Miss Rosemary White, is returning to East Hampton for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Simpkins of New York are with Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Van Rensselaer at Stockbridge while looking for a house, which they won't find as long as the Van Rensselaers keep theirs open.

Fifty members of the music department of the Women's Club of Maplewood will motor by steam calliope to Lake Valhalla for a luncheon at the Country Club.

Mrs. John L. Caswell of Montclair was a luncheon-contract-bridge-speaking-of-operations hostess yesterday.

—Jack Cluett.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided more than 34,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Poiterville, N. J.

Previously Acknowledged.....\$13,254.27
Mrs. H. W. Chittenden, Burlington

Iowa	5.00
Mrs. Theodore Boettger, Hackensack	10.00
Myra S. Chickering, Oil City, Pa.....	5.00
Cyril J. Halsey, Tupper Lake, N. Y.	2.00
A Friend, Garrettsville, O.....	10.00
Mrs. S. M. Haslett, Alameda, Cal.....	20.00
Mrs. C. W. Stott, St. Paul.....	5.00
"In Memory of Hugh".....	25.00
A Friend, New Castle, Pa.....	50.00
Henry C. Barthman, New York.....	5.00
H. R. Seymour, Auburn, N.Y.....	1.00
"Friend," Pasadena, Cal.....	5.00
Mrs. Lewis A. Park, Sewickley, Pa.....	25.00
George M. Bernhard, San Francisco	1.00
George Hilton, Oshkosh.....	25.00
Barbara Jane Prentiss, Burlington, Vt.	5.00
Miss Sarah King, New York.....	5.00
Miss Florence V. Rockhill, Lake George	10.00
Harold M. Jalonack, Brooklyn.....	5.00
Miss Alice Barth, New York.....	5.00
Crescence Ruppe, Detroit.....	20.00
Helen Fenton, Detroit.....	5.00
Mrs. W. D. Hubbard, Hartford, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. Milton W. King, Washington, D. C.	20.00
Virginia Lee Roberts, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
Anne Marvin, Amherst, Va.....	5.00
In Memory of Brownie.....	10.00
C. W. Kellogg, New York.....	20.00
Mrs. C. W. Conklin, Boston.....	10.00
Mrs. Francis W. Murray, Jr., Tuxedo Park.....	5.00
S. H. Ball, New York.....	15.00
L. T. McBride, Newark, N. J.	5.00
E. K. B., California.....	10.00
Pitser Miller, New York.....	5.00
S. P. Williams, Jr., Waterbury, Conn.	10.00
Dr. Henry S. Goodall, Bennington, Vt.	25.00
Anonymous, Fishers Island.....	10.00
Tom & Ann Baumgartner, Plainfield, N. J.	5.00
Mrs. A. B. Tenney, Lexington, Mass.	3.00
Saidee R. Sandford, New York.....	5.00
"For S. W. B.".....	20.00
Friend, Pittsburgh.....	10.00
Mrs. David H. McCulloch, Port Washington	5.00
Mrs. Alfred Ehrman, San Francisco	10.00
Mrs. F. A. Snow, Southampton.....	25.00
From C. R. R.	10.00
Mrs. James A. Wales, Stratford, Conn.	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. R. R. Crawford, Chicago	4.00
Mrs. Carlos M. de Heredia, New York	50.00
George A. Crocker, New York.....	10.00
Miss Louise B. Scott, New York.....	25.00
Anonymous, D. H.	10.00
Eleanor & John, Knoxville, Tenn.	20.00
Mrs. Rufus C. Patterson, New Castle, Pa.	10.00
G. K., Lincoln, Neb.	20.00

IT COST BILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO BUILD

YET YOU CAN USE IT FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY



EVERY TIME you telephone you share the benefits of a nation-wide communication system using eighty million miles of wire and employing four hundred thousand people. It represents a plant investment of more than four thousand million dollars, yet you can use a part of it for as little as five cents . . . for considerably less on a monthly service basis.

The organization that makes efficient telephone service possible is called the Bell System, yet it is as truly yours as if it were built specially for you. For every telephone message is a direct contact between you and the person you are calling.

At any hour of the day or night, the telephone stands ready and waiting to carry your voice to any one of twenty million other telephone users in this country. It knows no rest or

sleep, or class or creed. All people—everywhere—may use it equally. Its very presence gives a feeling of security and confidence and of nearness to everything.

Many times during the day or week or month, in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies, you see the value of the telephone and realize the indispensable part it plays in every business and social activity.

The growth of the Bell System through the past fifty-five years and the constant improvement in service may well be called one of the great achievements of this country. Greater even than that are the policies, improvements and economies that make this service possible at such low cost.

Of all the things you buy, probably none gives so much for so little as the telephone.

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



Mr. & Mrs. Merrill F. Hubbard, Schenectady	25.00	C. A. G., Atlantic City.....	10.00
M., Sharon, Pa.....	10.00	"From A. E. R.".....	5.00
C. C. Van Liew, New York.....	5.00	"A friend," Hollywood.....	25.00
Hazel P. Rodman, Alliance, O.....	20.00	Mr. & Mrs. Fred. H. Bixby, Long Beach, Cal.	50.00
L. C. Hanna, Jr., Cleveland O.....	25.00	Mrs. Augusta S. Earle, Colorado Springs	25.00
Augusta B. Evans, Colorado Springs	50.00	In Memory of Gareth Downing....	10.00
Geo. W. Lee, Rochester.....	20.00	G. W. V. S., New York.....	5.00
Mrs. Anne B. Scherer, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00	Evangeline L. Breck, Portland, Ore.	2.00
Claire B. Peters, Brooklyn.....	5.00	Anne E. Breck, Portland, Ore.	1.00
Alec, David and Stevie Munsell, Garrison, Md.	20.00	Mrs. Edward M. Cope, Redlands, Cal.	10.00
Louise C. Cushman, Hartford, Conn.	10.00	Mrs. Preston Hotchkiss, San Marino, Cal.	25.00
Wm. W. Willock, Jr., Syosset, L. I.	5.00		
C. O. G. Miller, San Francisco....	25.00		
F. S. Wade, California.....	50.00		
		Total	\$14,364.27



safe?

Here is a combination that is helping make the world a safer place for Baby. And for you!

A fly-killer that actually kills flies! A sprayer that sprays and doesn't drip!

The world's largest producer of drug store merchandise—the United Drug Company—is responsible for the perfection of Elkay's Fly-Kil and Elkay's Sprayer.

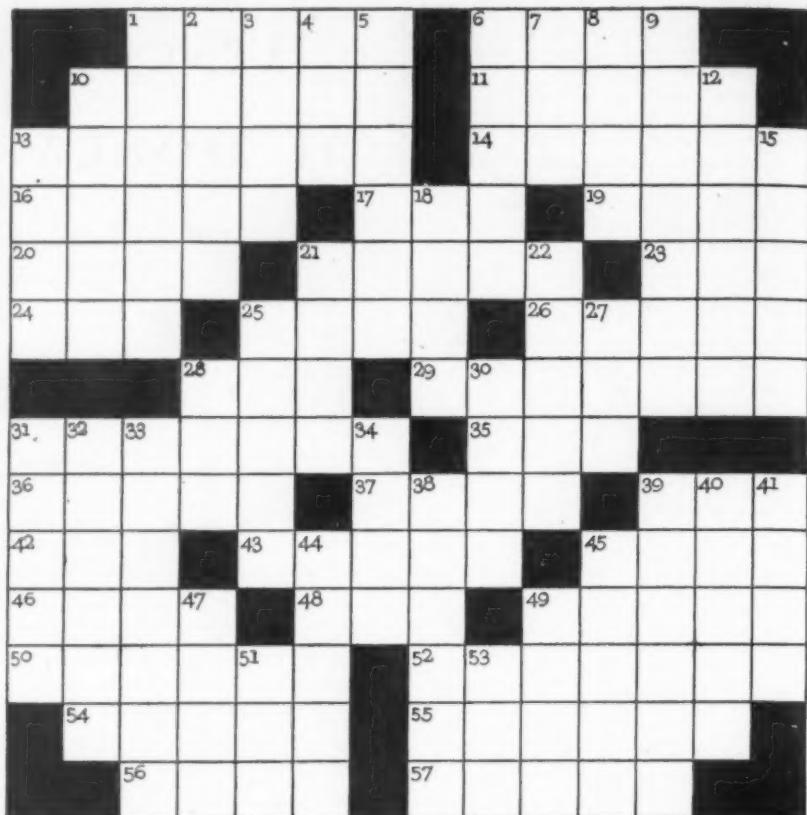
The vapor of Elkay's Fly-Kil is so repellent to flies that they will not come through an open screen door when the mesh is sprayed with it! Yet it is absolutely without unpleasant effects. Its odor is pleasing. And it cannot stain anything!

Both the sprayer and the liquid are sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores where you can always save with safety!



There is a Rexall Drug Store conveniently near you. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



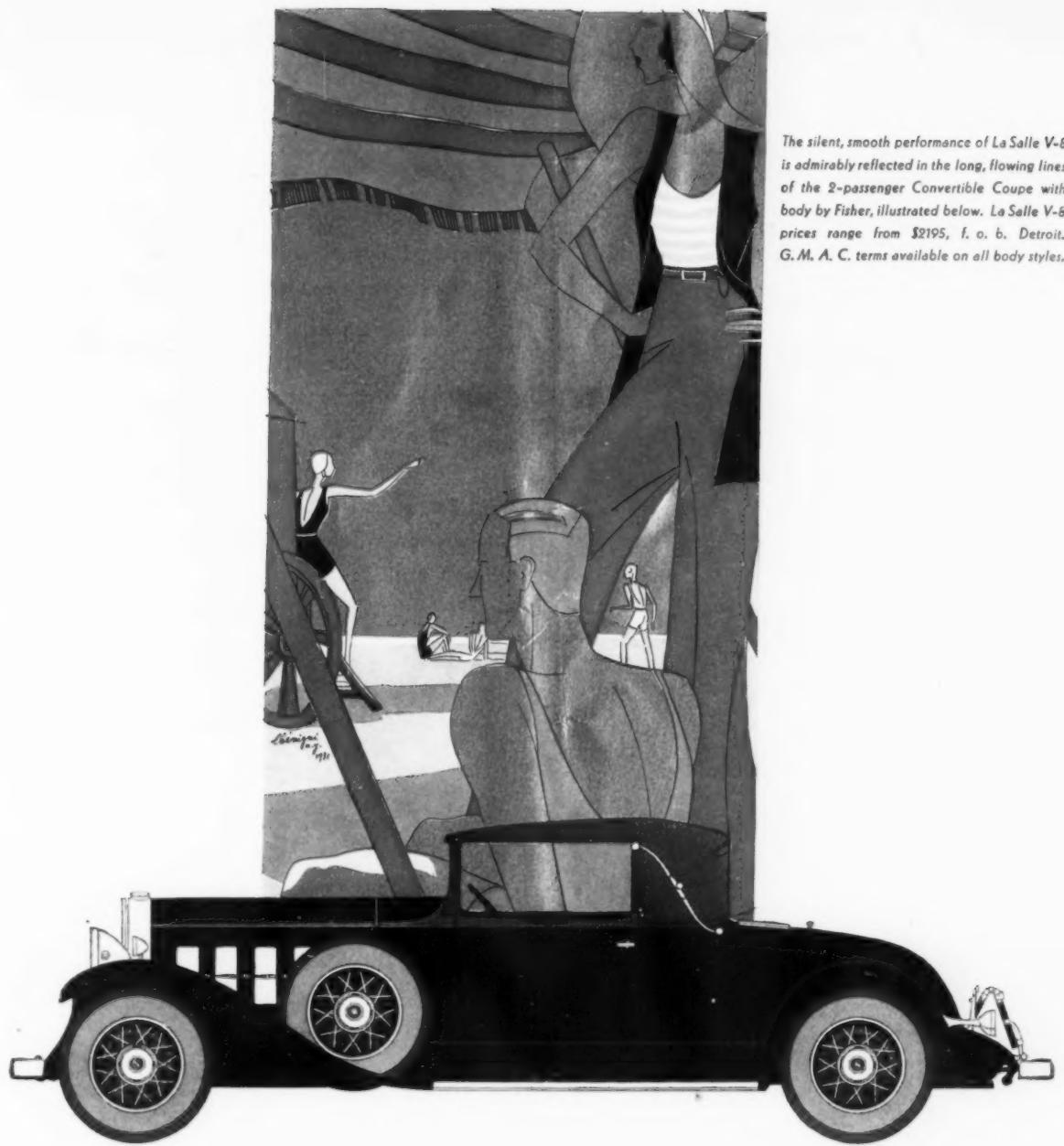
ACROSS

- These take a lot of rigging.
- German plane.
- A loud noise.
- This is all about warships.
- This gives you chills.
- Spicy perfumes.
- To give veneration.
- Petition.
- Variety of pottery.
- A shade.
- Degree.
- Watery fluid.
- Help!
- Antis.
- Step.
- Pronoun.
- Pushes violently.
- Sticks together.
- Wear away.
- All by itself.
- Sport.
- Moisture.
- Gypsy.
- A step up in the world.
- Russian river.
- Clear.
- Bird.
- Greek epic poet.
- This means danger ahead.
- The hardest thing we can think of.
- To play carelessly.
- Wandering.
- Notices.
- Necessary things.

DOWN

- Luscious fruits.
- This is on the side.
- Sensitive.
- Numerical prefix.
- Fixed.
- Obstacles for river boats.
- Equivalence.
- Confess.
- Indemnity.
- Big noise in the house.
- Western rope.
- Decorative woven articles.
- Dispatches.
- The Orient.
- This is on the price tag.
- Ramble around.
- Punishments.
- Well worn path.
- A grown up egg.
- Be told of.
- Billiard shot.
- Runs away together.
- Short times.
- Box.
- Beautiful German tree.
- Evil spirits.
- An adventure.
- Political domain.
- Abounds.
- A great traveller.
- A nostril.
- Timid creature.
- Catchword.
- Temper.

The silent, smooth performance of La Salle V-8 is admirably reflected in the long, flowing lines of the 2-passenger Convertible Coupe with body by Fisher, illustrated below. La Salle V-8 prices range from \$2195, f. o. b. Detroit. G. M. A. C. terms available on all body styles.



In creating such mechanical masterpieces as the V-12 and the V-16, Cadillac engineers and craftsmen blazed their own trails of design and manufacturing methods. In fashioning bodies appropriate for such chassis, Fisher and Fleetwood artists achieved coachwork of singular

beauty and charm. Many original and valuable developments have resulted—and from them, the La Salle V-8, companion to the gifted Cadillacs, has profited handsomely. Yet the La Salle, despite its rich heritage and distinguished bearing, costs little more than many an ordinary car.

A S A L L € V-8

Of course CAMELS are milder THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office.

CAMELS

S